

## **Confidential Advisors**

I have the best advisors. First, I rely on my belief in the Holy Spirit. You can count on this for advise. But, the one thing about it is, Holy Spirit works on your behalf, only not for you. Coming, going, you really have no clue when Holy Spirit is going to pop up or leave. I mean, dude can stay with you for days or just seconds, and just takes over so to speak. Like a dictator, you take dictation. Moreover, it is as if you are on delay tape conversation, as you think to yourself, I was wondering that months or weeks ago. Then again, you get answers you don't need yet, as if for some strange way for lack of better understanding, are walking behind, and Holy Spirit turns around and comes back to you like a scout. You can't convince Holy Spirit, it is not that type of conversation. My job it seems is to just say: "okay, and wow, or that's something else." Most times however, you sit or lay there trying to absorb it all, write it all down. It is not normal everyday advise. It is more like wisdom. It is like something that comes through to you like a light, as if you are in the woods at night trying to see and only the stars are out without the moon. Eerie, but not frightening.

Then, you have my father. This is pure wit. You can trust this type of advise because it is unpolluted. Dad, well he never had any formal education so his thought processes is clear. He only knows one plus one equals two, but since he never made it past the second grade, he can't write it and may not be able to recognize it if you asked him to pick it out from a multiple choice question. With all the confidence, he will tell you: "A'int one plus one equal two boy?" Thank God for mother because some of the things he says you have to look to her. It is like seeing a blind man walking through traffic streets without a seeing eye dog or cane or any type of assistance, and not getting hit, but going just as smoothly along as someone who can see.

I can remember telling him of my complaint, and the first thing he would say is: "What the law say boy." After telling him, he had the answer. The same answer I came up with after reading all the books and cases and such. He would come up with the same conclusion as I did. "Just hold it. Remember you uncle Joe's mule? See, you gotta hold it like that, cause the mule wants to go where it want to go. No, you got to be strong and snatch it this way, that way, plow it straight. You know what I mean son?" "Yes Sir," I would reply. "Now you got it son, you already won, sometimes you just gotta be patient. They like a horse you gotta drag to water, then you gotta wait for it to drink. I've seen some things boys. You know what faith is? Now, listen at me, the bible says....."

Then, there's momma wit. "You gotta grab the bull by the horns son." She didn't have an easy life, and never had an easy answer. Your mind is thinking: "Here we go, what the hell does this mean, I should have kept my mouth closed, why did dad have to say anything about it to her. Who asked her anyway." I usually have to show I understood by saying something like, "It's like hunting bugs bunny, you gotta just sit there until he comes up out of the whole he went in. He has many holes, but you have to wait t'il he pops back up out of that one. It could take days." Then, she would say: "Now, that's right son. Now you got it boy." You really have no idea what you got,

and somehow you communicated an understanding. It was more complicated, and if someone was sitting in on the conversation, they would have no idea what was said, or understood. The one thing for sure is that, when an advisor like mom talks, you have to think about all the cotton her and grandma had to pick, and all the times she had to milk cows and feed hogs and such. Then, you would just understand that nothing was ever easy for her. So, don't give her any lolly-pop answer, that ain't life, raising eleven children and all.

Finally, there is that pure logic. I call it crack head logic. I can say that because when I told the story to people I lived in the street with my story, that is what you get. You get crack head logic. To the man, the answer is: "Oh, you will know when it is over." This means that if you hit someone over the head and rob them. Or, if you are in any situation, that you will know when it is over. You are either going to be sitting in the alley smoking crack, or be in jail because you didn't get away with it. There is only two ways about it, success or failure. Then, if you hit someone over the head, they could have no money and you get caught, or you hit them over the head and don't get caught. In either situation, you have to try again, because the crack don't last long if you are successful, and if you aren't successful, you have to try again to forget about what you just went through and didn't go to jail. In either situation, the crack doesn't last long. It is like waking up to the same day over and over again. To me, the advise made so much sense because while I was in Philly it was like "ground hog day." Each day was the same day, and if you can lose your expectations of what is suppose to be and just simply live through the "what is," you are successful. Basically, you want for nothing. You simply live. I know what the crack heads were saying was priceless advise because when I asked other crack heads in other cities, they had the same pure logic. It all made sense, and I never smoked crack.

Wisdom can come through a crack head, and the one thing it all has in common, this advise and wisdom thing is, it ain't easy. No matter where the advise comes from, the basics are common amongst all. You can't get through to tomorrow until you let go of today, and you can't get through today, looking back at tomorrow. My dad says it best though: "Son,, I been living with you momma for more than sixty years, and knew her for almost eighty, all my life since playing marbles and working in the fields. You gotta let bygones be bygones. That's grace. You know what grace is boy?" Then, you have to hear him quote the bible, never having read one. He can't read. But, when he tell you the chapter and verse, you don't have to look it up, it says exactly that. Drives my mother crazy. Yeah, my confidential advisors, I wouldn't trade them for a paid lawyer, never. They can't be bought, like the truth, it is what it is.